

THE TATLER

MARCH 1921

FUN FACTS

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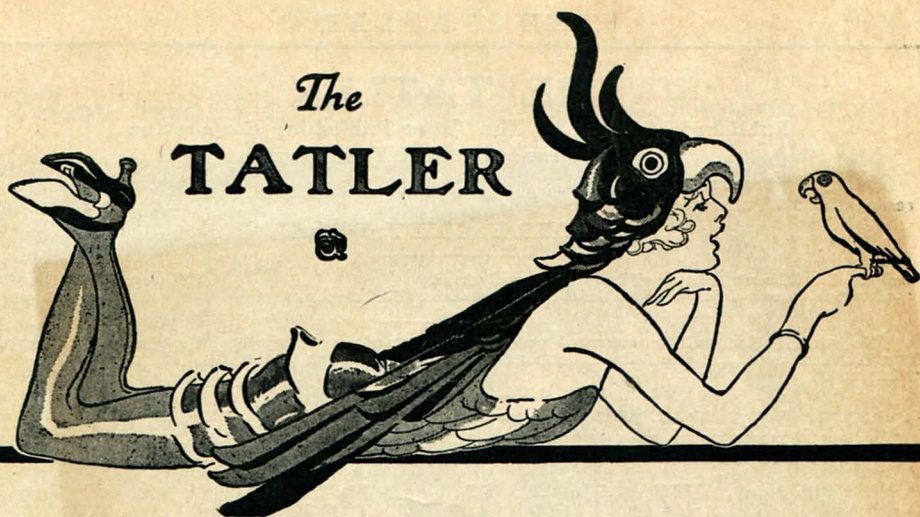
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VOL. III

MARCH, 1921

NO. 2

A Few March Zephyrs

WHAT'S the use of the wind blowing so hard in March now, with skirts as short as they are?

One New York man always remembers any parcel he wishes to take home, by wrapping a small flask up inside of it.

Ford has shut down his factory but the darned things probably will keep right on breeding just the same.

A trained seal operator in vaudeville had a piece of tough luck which cost him his income. His wife shot the seal so she could have a new coat.

The days are growing longer. Sure. It is harder to get the stuff now.

Galli-Curci's new husband is her accompanist. He ought to know when to put on the soft-pedal.

Some claim that women are original, yet, when they want to be devilish, they imitate the men's vices including cigarettes, poker and hooch.

"Hope Harding doesn't appoint any Democrats in his cabinet," says a western paper. Hope not. Wilson tried that.

Constance Talmadge's marriage to a tobacconist may be called a smoke-screen combination.

Firing 50,000 screen performers didn't seem to make much difference. There are just as many bad ones as ever.

Brooklyn school advertises to make a girl a movie actress for \$2. We have seen some graduates of this school on the screen, we feel perfectly sure.

A vaudeville singer has married a dentist. He can probably extract her voice when he gets tired of it.

Harding knows what capital punishment is. He has lived in Washington for some time.

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We Beg Your Pardon

POLITENESS is largely a matter of geography. In Paris, they've just passed an ordinance which requires a man in a street car to get up and give his seat to a woman. And if all the French women look like the pictures in the Sunday supplements, it won't be a difficult law to enforce.

In this country, on the other hand, politeness requires a man to cover his eyes with a newspaper, as soon as all the seats in the car are filled. The only way a woman can secure French treatment in an American car is by stepping on the man's feet.

Politeness in this country is chiefly practiced on unmarried women. A man will take off his hat when riding in an elevator with his stenographer, but not when riding with his lawful wedded wife. He probably figures that she has seen him with his hat off so often that it would mean nothing to her.

At dinner parties, politeness consists in talking first to the woman on your right, and then to the woman on your left. It also consists in saying all the snappy things to a pretty one, and all the conventional things to a homely one.

If both women are homely, it is just as well to say nothing. And if both women are pretty, you won't have much of a chance to talk, anyhow.

In some parts of the world, it is proper to rub noses. That sort of thing is never likely to be taken up here, however, owing to the damage to make-up. Two women could devote an hour to removing the shine on their noses and putting the bloom on their cheeks, and then have all their work ruined by one polite little rub.

Kissing is different. It's a form of politeness which two women can accomplish without disturbing their veils, and without interfering with their make-up, and without meaning it.

Did You Ever?

A FAMOUS philosopher has said that nothing is impossible. But did you every try—

To carry a mattress upstairs,
To find out what a woman is thinking about,

To write a letter with a post-office pen,
To make a batch of home-brew beer taste like the old stuff,

To sleep in a hammock,
To save five per-cent of your salary,
To laugh your wife out of wearing an extreme style of garment.

To look innocent while on the witness stand,

To understand psycho-analysis,

To get a soup-bone from your butcher for nothing,

To get a seat in the subway and keep it away from a standing lady,

To swim from New York to Liverpool with an armful of eels.

To stay away from a party your wife wants to go to,

To play a slide trombone in a telephone booth,

To find how some guys get along,

To drink near-beer,

To reduce,

Did ja?

Marilynn Miller, Broadway's Favorite



Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Pink Tea Prize-Fights

SOCIETY people are now promoting prize-fights. There has been a general impression for some time that the sort of fights we have been having belong in the society column, being very gentlemanly and polished affairs, nobody being hurt.

The fight report of the future may read something as follows:

Spique Van Zandt led with his left and landed squarely on Kid Stuyvesant's wrist watch. "My word," exclaimed The Kid, "that was an extraordinary biff, Old Podger. Be a bit more conservative, that's a dear."

Near the end of the third round it was seen that Stuyvesant was becoming exhausted. He dropped his monocle twice in this round and his stance was not at all up to form. He fozzled his approach several times and got to his man only once when he slapped Van Zandt sharply on the elbow with his nose. His seconds rushed in with the smelling salts just in time.

The fourth round was Stuyvesant's by

a wide margin. Once when Van Zandt dropped his walking stick it looked as though he would surely kiss the canvas. While he was having tea at the end of this round with a couple of society ladies he expressed himself as being fatigued. Stuyvesant had broken his pocket looking glass during the round.

In the fifth and last round there were cries of "Bravo" when Kid Stuyvesant was declared the winner after having knocked Van Zandt's cigarette out of the latter's mouth with a vicious right hook. Van Zandt's white dress tie was sadly disarranged at the end of the fight. Stuyvesant's hair had to be newly combed and pomaded before he was fit to go on the street. One button was missing from his right spat.

Dunk Botts, former lightweight champion of New Jersey, created a tremendous sensation and was arrested for trying to enter Madison Square Garden in a plain business suit.

Do You Know Your Own Country?

ENOUGH water goes over Niagara Falls every day to furnish chasers for all the drinks of hooch that are confiscated by enforcement agents in a like period.

The seismograph at Washington shows that the United States trembles twenty-four hours a day. There is too much shimmy dancing going on in this country.

If all the water were suddenly drained out of the Great Lakes, boat traffic between Buffalo and Duluth would be seriously hampered.

Great Bend, Wyoming, is so called because there is a great bend in the river at that point.

The southern cotton fields supply practically all the silk that is used in the manufacture of tights in this country.

Wisconsin is called "The Badger State" because a barber in that state invented the badger haircut now worn by Jack Dempsey.

It takes longer to walk from New York

to Dodge City, Iowa, than it does to walk to Nut Grove, Kentucky, but neither place is worth walking to.

Rye, N. Y., is so called because there isn't any there.

The people of Cape Cod have to buy their codfish salted in the New York market.

On account of the demand for higher education in this country every new schoolhouse is being built on a hill.

There are a great many eels in Long Island sound but nobody knows just how many because they are so slippery that some of them may have been counted twice.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the first white man to smoke tobacco but he never enjoyed it because he didn't get any cigar coupons.

Debs is the luckiest of the presidential candidates because he doesn't have to move on March 4.

Get the ink ready for the inkum tax.

Don't believe everything you see in print, especially if it is on a modern liquor bottle.

"I Hear—"

Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

By THE TATLER

WONDER whether Hale Hamilton taxies home from "Dear Me," the play which he helped to write and in which he stars at the Republic Theatre?

A matter of no importance? Beg pardon, it is, as you will presently understand. Naturally, Mr. Hale would prefer to walk at least part way home. For he desires to continue the good work of reducing. Every man who has been fat and who has contrived to rid himself of twenty-five pounds wants to make it forty or fifty. It is patent that Mr. Hamilton has, by work or worry or stoic self denial, subtracted twenty-five pounds from himself. Walking is one of the four great agents of reduction.

But there is a reason of greater potency than the desired loss of weight which figures in the means of Mr. Hamilton's transit to his home and the route he takes. He is a man of much and troubled matrimonial experience.

He was the husband of Jane Oaker when Jane was as lithe as he now wishes to be. They began their Thespian careers in the same company with Louis James and Kathryn Kidder as stars. It was in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The place was a New Jersey tank town. They married at the end of the season.

But all went not well, at least not for long. In due or undue time a breach between them was so wide that they did not speak as they passed by.

Mr. Hamilton, seeking anchorage for his lonely heart found it with Myrtle Tannehill. They married. The honeymoon hung high and effulgent above their heads. The daughter of three generations of actors seemed to be the woman of fate destined to hold the bark of the actor's affections secure. For a time!

But at the Sixty Club, beginning places of so many matches, such as Billie Burke's extended love affair with Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and that of Constance Talmadge with her handsome and elegant Greek, John Pialoglue, the pair met Grace La Rue. Mrs. Hamilton ordered her husband to invite Miss La Rue to a party the pair was giving the following week at the Hamiltons' apartment. It was the most ill-

advised order pretty Miss Tannehill ever gave. Miss La Rue came, and sang, and conquered.

Little by little, but surely, Mr. Hamilton's affections slipped away from their moorings. In a twelve month or so Mrs. Hamilton was suing Miss La Rue for a hundred thousand dollars, the price tag she placed upon her spouse's errant love. Also she sued him for divorce.

More or less interesting, you say, but what has this to do with Hale Hamilton's manner of going home after the show? Only that he has married Miss La Rue, his co-star in the play, which gives him a record possessed by no other actor known to the old street. For he has three wives, or if you are a hair splitter, a wife and two ex-wives playing on Broadway at the same time. A distinction which not even Willard Mack enjoyed, nor Nat Goodwin, nor De Wolf Hopper. Jane Oaker is playing in never-will-stop "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety. Myrtle Tannehill is appearing in "The Broken Wing" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

Assuming that Mr. Hamilton, desiring as Otis Skinner expresses it, to "get the poison of the theatre out of his system" chooses to leave the Republic Theatre and walk briskly up Broadway. Suppose, too, that to preserve her lissome figure, and her long, graceful, panther-like stride, Grace La Rue elects to walk beside her lord. If they tread the left side of the bias street, which Mr. Hamilton in his play calls "the street of achievement," they may reasonably expect to encounter Mrs. Hale Hamilton, No. 1, issuing from the stage entrance of the Gaiety Theatre, which opens flush upon Broadway.

If they desire to avoid Mrs. Hale Hamilton, No. 1, they may mingle with the multi-mannered throng at Forty-second Street and make their way north on the right side of the street. Yet he would do so at imminent risk of encountering Mrs. Hale Hamilton, No. 2. For as she leaves the Forty-eighth Street theatre she must assuredly turn into "the street of achievement."

Mr. Hamilton must choose one side or
(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

the other of the street. Automobiles would dispute his passage up its middle. Even if he taxies he may pass one of his former spouses who at least will protect themselves from the elements on a stormy night. It was the recital of so light a passing encounter that spurred Harry Thaw to the murder of Stanford White.

It is unfortunate that the Knickerbocker Hotel has closed. That might have been a zone of safety from live ghosts of his matrimonial past. But alas! It has been converted into an office building. There are no other hotels favored by players, south of Forty-second Street.

An awkward predicament indeed! Whether the most lately paired Hamiltons will turn to the right or left may depend upon the attitude of the present Mrs. Hamilton's predecessors. Jane Oaker, I hear, still weeps at the name of her former lord. When the last Robert Edeson menage but one was shattered Miss Oaker was the first of several mourning wives to call upon the second Mrs. Edeson to offer her sympathy and her views upon the instability of masculine affection. But Myrtle Tannehill's eyes shed no tears. On the contrary they blaze. So clever Mr. Hamilton's predicament resolves itself into a question as to which he fears more, water or fire.

Leonora Masso, whom Willard Mack averred would be the greatest star on Broadway in five years, is playing atmosphere in "The Mirage." Uncertain is the career that rests on a playwright's promises.

And now 'tis not whispered but boldly proclaimed along the street of many hopes that Kathryn Perry will succeed Mary Pickford as the life, or, at least, long term, partner of Owen Moore. The beautiful Midnight Frolic Girl, who deserted the roof for pictures, is seen almost constantly on the arm of the matinee idol of the screen. They lunch at the Claridge, dine at the Astor, sup and dance at the Montmartre.

Edgar Selwyn is the most eligible party on Broadway. Handsome, forty-five, that well preserved forty-five that is equivalent to thirty-five, talented, the owner of three metropolitan theatres and several plays, he is moreover of a likeable and sunny disposition. These are the several

and collective reasons why we scan with eager opera glasses any young and female person whom he happens to escort to the premieres of the plays. I asked a dozen know-them-alls the identity of the clear featured, piquant beauty with bobbed hair who saw "Wake Up Johnathan" with him. No one knew. He went out between acts, which may or may not be significant.

Do you know any hermits of New York? Although the big city is like a great river, sweeping millions of human beings along on the rapid current of life, those there be who remain close to the shore and dwell in the shallows of memories. It is amazing how many hermits there are in New York—hermits of the heart. Two recur to my memory while I write. Both are divorcees. Both are heart-broken. Or think they are. A state quite as miserable. Both are far past their ingenue years. Both play parts when they can get them.

The difference between them is that one has gown slack. Unmindful of Lillian Russell's dictum: "When you grow careless you are gone," she wears old and faded gowns. Her hats are of obsolete types. She has no interest in the bit she is playing save its weight in the Saturday pay envelope. She spends all the time that she is not playing, in reading Oriental philosophy.

"Some day she will just turn over and die, ending her gray life in that little gray apartment," mourns a friend of her's.

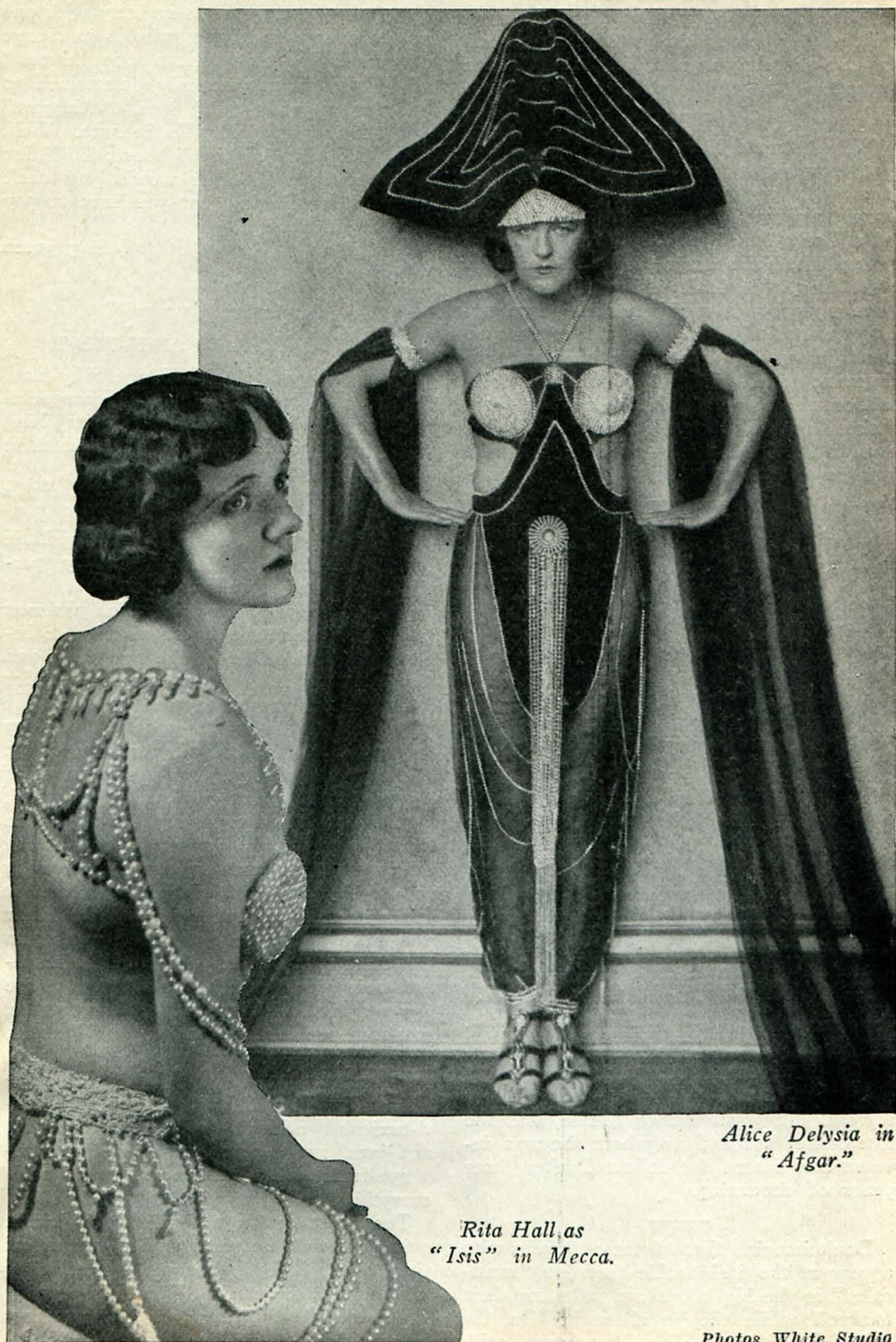
The other woman shows a higher spirit. "So long as I can help it I won't look licked," she says. Her make up is something fearful and wonderful. She must dress by a dim light, for when she appears on the street she looks like a chorus girl waiting for the last call to go on. Some chorus girls resent the comparison. They say no chorus girl ever was seen off stage so vividly carmined or whitely floured, nor so heavily beaded as to eyelashes nor pencilled as to brows.

These two hermits of Broadway live in companion apartments in a cheap and unfashionable part of town. Their memories are their only companions. The memories are not pleasant ones. Their husbands, who abandoned them for more attractive mates, are playing prominent parts in prominent companies.

Have you seen the made over Orville Harrold? He looks younger by ten years,

(Continued on page 8)

Stars of Two Spectacles



*Alice Delysia in
"Afgar."*

*Rita Hall as
"Isis" in Mecca.*

(Continued from page 6)

thinner by forty pounds and happier by a heartful. A woman did it.

"I've married a good woman," he says. "Does her own work, is saving, and capable of being a good pal. At last I am lucky."

When Arnold Daly was in the movies, not long ago, he wanted to take some scenes in millionaire surroundings, and sought a personal interview with the owner of a Long Island estate. "No," said the latter, after the actor had explained his intentions, "I don't think I'd care to have my grounds used for such purposes." Daly arched his eyebrows. "Perhaps you don't know who I am," he said, after a dramatic pause. "I'm Arnold Daly." The millionaire looked him over. "That makes no difference," he replied. "I wouldn't let you do it—even if you were Charlie Chaplin."

Shadows, shadows everywhere! No life is without its dark penumbra.

For instance, there is the radiant, Titian haired comedienne, beautiful, successful, the possessor of a famous husband and a beloved baby. Seeing her at first nights, or motoring to her country home, or dancing at the Sixty Club or having tea at the Ritz, wearing the dernier cri in frocks and furs and hats and jewels, one would suppose that life for her was a continuous bath of sunlight. But no. There is a shadow. A heavy one that causes her piquant face to grow older and sadder as she nears her magnificent country home.

The shadow is that of a clouded intellect. Her mother, long an invalid, has become insane. She is cared for beneath the sheltering roof of her daughter's home. No argument for her parent's detention in a sanitarium has any weight with the devoted daughter. In this respect the young comedienne resembles Ella Wheeler Wilcox. In the late poet's home her mother's beclouded mind was the next to her greatest sorrow. The greatest, of course, was the loss of her husband, to whom she was devoted and whom she followed after three years of mourning.

Don't imagine that all these singers who appear at the fashionable morning "musicales" in the big hotels are fattening their bankroll while they're about it. On the contrary, as the polite Frenchman said,

when asked if he had ever dined while crossing the English Channel.

A singer of considerable promise was completing arrangements recently with one of the concert managers who is in charge of a musicale series. "How about terms?" asked the singer, mentally determined to ask for a good round sum. "Ah, yes," said the impresario. "To be sure. Well, it will be \$500 for a small boost; \$1,000 for a big boost." In other words, you don't get paid for singing, but you have to pay for the privilege.

Verily, art is long, but the long green is longer.

ANTI-THIS AND ANTI-THAT

ARE you an Anti? If not, why not? It has become a popular occupation for people who have failed at everything else. There is hope for others and there is hope for you.

It requires very little experience and a man with the brain of a child of eight years can become an Anti with very little study. In fact the less you study, particularly history, the better.

There are many ways in which you may place yourself in the frame of mind to become an Anti. One of the best ways and the quickest is to have somebody offer you a fat salary to become an Anti. If you are a certain sort of person, the salary will make an Anti out of you immediately. And you can arrange your conscience so as to anti anything that requires to be anti-ed.

The ant has ever been held up as an example of tireless industry yet you can be even busier than an ant by becoming an Anti. Your field will be unlimited. It has a broader outlook every day and after you have anti-ed one thing to death you can start on another. Some of the movements in which you may now engage are the anti-short-skirt, anti-chewing-gum, anti-soda-pop, anti-shimmy, anti-theater, anti-movie, anti-cigarette, anti-red socks, anti-decollete-gown, anti-joy-ride, anti-French-pastry, anti-Sunday-newspaper, anti-taxicab, anti-lollypop, anti-ice-cream, anti-jazz, anti-chorus girls, anti-tea, anti-grape-fruit, anti-bill-boards and anti-everything.

The best way to gain prominence quickly is to start some anti-movement of your own. Nobody has yet started after the ice cream cones. There's a chance. Children are eating them and finding pleasure in them every day. Think of that!

Madge Lessing, Back Again, in "Erminie"



Edward Thayer Munroe

Our Own Censors

CUT out scene where woman kisses husband. Such things have a wrong influence on the young.

Cut out scene where man puts coin in subway slot machine and actually gets a piece of chewing gum. Not true to life.

Cut out scene where woman appears in high-neck evening gown with long sleeves. Indecent.

Cut out all drinking scenes. They have a tendency to make the audience restless.

Cut out scene showing woman wearing cotton stockings. Not refined.

Cut out scene where husband comes home, hugs his wife, gives her a box of candy, and promises to take her to the theatre. Sets a bad example.

Cut out all scenes showing spooning in Central Park. These are too intimate for public showing.

Cut out scenes where married women are seen in expensive fur coats. Not true to life.

Cut out scenes with girls smoking on street cars. That's not what street cars are for.

Cut out all references to lingerie. Lingerie should be seen, but not referred to.

LIFE HAS TAUGHT

WE are glad our faith in human nature doesn't rest upon:

- (1) Postoffice pens.
- (2) The bottom layer of fruit in the basket.
- (3) Political promises.
- (4) The kind of clothes that floor-walkers wear.
- (5) Correspondence courses in memory training.
- (6) Hair tonics.

We are glad we have lived long enough to see:

- (1) Toothpicks going out of style.
- (2) Short skirts coming in.
- (3) Brunettes become blondes.
- (4) Blondes become brunettes.
- (5) Congress adjourn.
- (6) The price of clothing drop.
- (7) What March winds can do to No. 2 above.

Other Inaugurations

THIRTY-SEVEN Broadway saloon-keepers inaugurate the practice of selling soft drinks exclusively.

Ice-men inaugurate the new summer schedule of prices and announce the annual ice famine.

Many theatrical managers inaugurate new schedule for complimentary tickets—giving them to nobody.

Movie managers inaugurate a distinct departure and one requiring much nerve. Some of them will leave ski-jumping out of their programs.

Actors inaugurate the Spring season by taking their winter overcoats to the hock shop and trading them for the light ones.

Broadway actress inaugurates new style by wearing a long skirt but does not start any epidemic.

Seven prominent actresses inaugurate divorce suits claiming that their husbands refused to exercise their lap dogs in the park.

Subway inaugurates new scheme of carrying 47 passengers on each platform instead of 36.

Raymond Hitchcock inaugurates a couple of new jokes he heard over in Philadelphia.

NOT TOO PERSONAL!

SINCE he has joined the Association Opposed to Prohibition, Harrison Grey Fiske is thinking of spelling it "Fizzke."

And since Ellen Terry, at the age of 72, is still on the stage, she is thinking of spelling it "Tarry."

Francis Wilson celebrated his thirtieth birthday—but not recently.

Harry Lauder ought to have no difficulty getting his Scotch past the customs inspectors.

The Barrymore brothers are not related to the Smith Bros.

Does anyone remember Euripides' first name—or is that it?

George M. Cohan is one of our leading actors. Betsy Ross gave him his start.

Can you imagine Dolores doing an imitation of Ann Pennington?

Or George Arliss doing an imitation of Ed Wynn?

When you see a man at a symphony concert remember that probably it wasn't his choice of a place to sleep.

Alden Gay Poses on the Bias

SUCH IS LIFE

AN engaged girl will press a man's trousers from eight till eleven every night, and after they are married, she won't press 'em for love nor money.

Every woman who is sorry for Eve isn't sorry for her because she was driven out of the Garden, but because she didn't have silk stockings.

If hairdressers are not as talkative as barbers, it's because a hairdresser's customers can hold their own.

One reason why a man doesn't wear an engagement ring is that he can't afford it

BEAUTY

BEAUTY is only skin-deep, and not always skirt-high.

Beauty cannot be bought, but it can be charged.

Beauty separates friends, and unites acquaintances.

Beauty is largely a matter of a good press agent and a touched-up photograph.

There are just as many beautiful girls in the world as there ever were, but owing to the scarcity of cocktails, men draw the line sharper than they used to.

No woman objects to being told that she is beautiful, and no woman will stand for being told that she was beautiful.

It would be a pleasure to give up one's seat in the subway to a beautiful girl. But somehow, beautiful girls seem to have other means of conveyance.



Old Masters Studio

Calendar for March

- Tue. 1—Julia Arthur returned to the stage, 1921—also in 1925, 1929, 1936, and 1941.
- Wed. 2—De Wolf Hopper leased his voice to the Hudson River night line for use as a foghorn, 1924.
- Thu. 3—A prominent actor was placed in the Metropolitan Museum, 1941, as being the only star who had never been in the movies.
- Fri. 4—Isadora Duncan decided to give up dancing, 1924, because cheesecloth isn't as reliable as it used to be.
- Sat. 5—A remarkable musical comedy was produced, 1946, which didn't have a single melody reminiscent of Gilbert and Sullivan.
- Sun. 6—Broadway has one cabaret, 1921, where you have to have a dress suit to get in, and a month's salary to get out.
- Mon. 7—The Shuberts put across a Winter Garden show, 1921, without any male chorus. Nobody wept.
- Tue. 8—Arthur Hopkins retired from the producing field to the golf links, 1960.
- Wed. 9—Flo. Ziegfeld distributed diplomas to his show girls who had graduated into the movies, 1931.
- Thu. 10—A woman bought two seats at the box-office without unnecessary conversation, and three men in the line fainted from shock, 1922.
- Fri. 11—Mary Garden became director of the Chicago Grand Opera troupe, 1921, and proceeded to take the wind out of the windy city.
- Sat. 12—Musical show produced, 1982, without any mention of prohibition.
- Sun. 13—Percy Mackaye produced a new masque, in which the actors carried torches, and the audience suffered tortures, 1929.
- Mon. 14—A theatrical producer discovered sixteen feet of frontage on West 42d Street that wasn't working, and immediately erected a new theatre, 1925.
- Tue. 15—Fritz Lieber mislaid his marcel and was forced to abandon his tour, 1941.
- Wed. 16—Arnold Daly surprised everybody, 1933, by playing an entire season without falling out with his manager.
- Thu. 17—Performances at 11 a. m. having proved a success, the producers inaugurated breakfast matinees, beginning at 9 a. m.
- Fri. 18—Frank Craven paid \$15,000 for the use of his name by the manufacturer of a new beauty cream, 1924.
- Sat. 19—The members of Congress decided to put on a minstrel show, 1923. They ran shy on jokes, but there were plenty of jokes.
- Sun. 20—Members of the "Ladies' Night" company are looking forward to spring, 1921, owing to the backstage drafts.
- Mon. 21—Frank Bacon ordered the Gaiety Theatre equipped with "Lightnin'" rods, 1934.
- Tue. 22—Charlie Chaplin began to write his own comedies, 1921, and to cobble his own shoes, 1922.
- Wed. 23—David Belasco had his eyebrows shaped, 1926, and decided to stage a Van Dyke beard.
- Thu. 24—A new Russian drama was produced, 1940, with the stage in total darkness. So was the audience.
- Fri. 25—A costume ball was given in Greenwich Village, 1931, at which no one appeared as a pierrot.
- Sat. 26—Prunes dropped to pre-war prices, 1927, and made their reappearance at theatrical boarding houses.
- Sun. 27—The railroads tried to collect fares from stranded actors, who were hitting the ties back home, 1922.
- Mon. 28—The centenary of "Florodora" was observed throughout the country, 2,000, and the surviving members of the original sextette received a postcard shower.
- Tue. 29—Avery Hopwood rewrote "The Gold Diggers," 1987, and called it "The Platinum Pickers."
- Wed. 30—Eddie Cantor tried to put over a song without gestures, 1944, and it fell into the orchestra pit.
- Thu. 31—A Winter Garden patron with a seat next to the runway sued the Shuberts because he got a kink in his neck, 1922.

Beauties That Are Seen But Not Heard

Marion
Davies



Catherine Calvert.



Alice Calhoun.

(C) Lumiere

You Wouldn't Know the Old Street Now

THE Knickerbocker ginmill is an office, slick and trim
 And Old King Cole, we wonder what has happened unto him,
 Who smiled down on the rickey and the cocktail and the smash.
 And the colored free lunch genius who served salads, rolls and hash.
 The great hotel which was the home of golden-voiced Caruse
 Is now an office building and the gang groans: "What's the use?"

You wouldn't know the old street now.
 There are so many things they don't allow
 With no footrails brightly polished
 And the cocktail hour abolished,
 You wouldn't know the old street now.

There is nothing left of Wallicks where the horsey crowd hung out
 For Volstead up and hit that place a paralyzing clout.
 The Forty-third street corner shall be jolly never more
 For a dry-goods store is stationed where the wet goods were before.
 The strains of the Marimba band float not upon Broadway
 From the windows of the hat store as they did from the cafe.

You wouldn't know the old street now.
 Since Prohibition's made its bow.
 With the Claridge bar so handy,
 Selling chewing gum and candy,
 You wouldn't know the old street now.

The place that once was Rector's with a ballroom that was grand
 And, a cabaret whose fame extended clear across the land,
 No longer is a hang-out for the flappers and the beauts,
 But is now a place for selling overcoats and shirts and suits.
 And the famous Astor cellar where they filled with wine the bowl.
 Is no longer full of hogsheads but is chock-a-block with coal.

You wouldn't know the old street now.
 As prosaic as an old hay-mow.
 For they yell: "Lights out at 1,"
 Ere the night has scarce begun.
 No, you wouldn't know the old street now,
 It's a tame and docile pigeon
 Since it went and got religion.
 No, you wouldn't know the old street now.

—*De Vaux Thompson.*

One New York saloon-keeper is an optimist. He has closed his place and stuck one of those labels on it: "Not to Be Opened Until Christmas."

Broadway actor broke a chair over his wife's head and afterward was very sorry. It was one of the best chairs they had in the house.

D'Annunzio left Fiume broke. A poet to the last.

The Irish are faced by home rule or home ruin but they can thank their stars they are not faced by home brew.

Speaking of Short Skirts



Gladys
Walton,
Univer-
sal Star

Mabel Withee
in "The Rose
Girl."



Ruth King in
Paramount
Mack Sennett
Comedies.

The Girl He Left Behind Him

A Crook Drama, with One Crook and a Couple of Twists

By LISLE BELL

Editor's Note—The manuscript of this play was washed ashore by the recent crime wave. This will account for its salty flavor and for any barnacles which still may cling to it.

SCENE—The fashionable town house of a fashionable family. It has been designed, decorated and furnished throughout by an interior decorator, who made enough out of the job to lay in a couple of town houses for himself.

The butler enters, and presents a card to the lady of the house. The butler is very correct—a perfect human ramrod.

The Butler—The gentleman says he has an appointment, ma'am.

Lady (*glancing at the card through her lorgnette, and running her finger over it to see if it's engraved*)—Ah, yes. Show Mr. A. Thugg in.

(*The butler retires, and ushers in a first-class housebreaker.*)

Thugg—Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

Lady—You flatterer!

Thugg—Don't misunderstand me, ma'am. I'm considered a good second-story man, but I'm not as fast a worker as that.

Lady—Well, laying aside all persiflage, let's get down to business.

Thugg—Anything you say, ma'am.

Lady—Most of my friends have been robbed, but so far, my home has not been ransacked. What explanation have you to offer?

Thugg—Well, you see, ma'am, we are taking them in alphabetical order. We are down to the R's, but since you were so ridiculous as to marry a man named Xenophon, you'll just have to take the consequences.

Lady—Couldn't you make an exception in my case. My doctor says I can't stand suspense.

Thugg—Just like me brother, ma'am. That's what he said when they hanged him. 'I can't stand suspense.'

Lady—Then, for your poor brother's sake, won't you rob me without delay?

Thugg—Well, as a special favor—Would tonight be convenient?

Lady—Splendid! Here's the key to the silver chest. The safe combination is one-step to the left, foxtrot to the right, and then shimmy two turns. You'll find a very

valuable tapestry in the upstairs hall, and some solid platinum candlesticks.

Thugg—Very good, ma'am. Anything else of value?

Lady—Here's the key to the private stock. The Scotch is perfectly safe, but I'd go slow on the rye. I gave a spoonful to my pet pekingese, and he bit a leg off the piano.

Thugg—Thanks for the tip. I think I'll take along a couple of bottles of the rye, however, to give to the cops on the beat. They appreciate being remembered.

Lady—How thoughtful you are!

Thugg—It's just me tender heart, ma'am.

Lady—Oh, if you have a tender heart, there's something else I wish you'd take. We have an unmarried daughter. She is close to thirty, but still sound in mind and body. Mr. Xenophon and I would both appreciate anything you can do for her in the way of abduction. I feel certain that we'll never lose her, except by theft. Would you mind helping us out?

Thugg (*bowing himself out*)—Lady, count on me. I'll do anything in reason.

(*The Curtain is lowered to indicate a lapse of time. Scene II is the morning after.*)

SCENE II

Mr. Xenophon rushes excitedly upon the stage, in pajamas, followed by Mme. X, very deshabille.

Xenophon (*breathless*)—Great heavens! We've been robbed!

Mme. X—The silver?

Xenophon—Gone!

Mme. X—The tapestry and the candlesticks?

Xenophon—Both gone!

Mme. X—The jewelry and the private stock?

Xenophon—All gone!

Mme. X—And daughter?

Xenophon—Why, she's upstairs, peacefully sleeping. Here's a note I found pinned to her pillow.

Mme. X. (*takes it and reads*)—"When I promised to steal daughter, I hadn't met her. Anybody's liable to make a mistake. I am only a burglar—not a crook."

The Butler (*entering*)—Beg pardon, ma'am. Breakfast will be a little late this morning. That burglar took the kitchen range.

*CURTAIN

Theda Bara Says She Has Retired

*How she looks
when she has re-
tired.*
(C) Hoppe

*A vamp pose in
"The Blue Flame"
White Studios*



*Her latest
portrait*
(C) Hoppe

The Stone-Age Apartment House

By ROY K. MOULTON

EXPLORERS from Johns Hopkins University have unearthed in New Mexico, an apartment house that was made during the stone age. This apartment house was forty-five stories high and contained 1,000 rooms. The discovery of interesting relics in this house leads us to wonder whether we really have anything on the ancients.

While it is revealed that they had all the necessities, they were apparently without some of the luxuries which today make apartment house living a constant delight.

For instance, nothing has been discovered concerning the landlord. The explorers expected to find a petrified form of a landlord in the lobby of the house with a petrified tenant bending over him, stone-hammer in hand, having just struck the fatal blow. Also there should be the petrified forms of many other tenants standing about the lobby with smiles stamped indelibly on their faces.

The remains of no pug dogs were found by which we conclude that the ancients were without this choice accessory to apartment delight. It brings up the question as

to what the gentlemen of the apartment house did on Sunday with no dogs to take out for an airing.

Victrolas and talking machines were apparently unknown. The explorers make no mention of them. Nor were the remains of any telephone girl found reclining over a switchboard, where they generally fall asleep. No man was found in a telephone booth with a petrified look of agony on his face and one clenched fist raised in the air as if to strike an invisible enemy.

No mention is made of steam radiators to keep the rooms cool in the winter. Perhaps they had some other system yet to be discovered.

The apartment house was forty-five stories high and had no elevators. When a tenant got into his forty-fifth floor apartment he was comparatively safe from book agents, installment collectors, creditors, Volstead enforcement agents and peddlers.

Compared with modern apartment house life, the ancients seem to have had it pretty soft.

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT—

BROOKLYN bridge is a game.
Burns Mantle is a gas fixture.

Maclyn and Fatty Arbuckle are father and son.

Mae Murray owns a cafe on Forty-second street.

Sir Rahmas is Sam Harris spelled backward.

Dorothy Gish's new husband is Mr. Dorothy Gish.

Marilynn is the only Miller girl in the state who does not belong to the governor's family.

Zane Grey is Zona Gale.

Zane Grey and Zone Gale are both Zelda Sears.

Zane Grey, Zona Gale and Zelda Sears are all Zoe Akins.

Afgar is a new cigarette.

George Cohan has given away every dollar he ever made.

Charlotte Greenwood is named after a cemetery.

William Courtleigh and William Courtenay are brothers.

Eugene O'Brien is an Irishman.

THE HIGH-POWERED CAR

WHENE'ER I hear of the bandit's deed,
On Broadway, the peace to mar,
He always makes his swift escape,
While thousands stand and idly gape,
By means of a "high-powered" car.

He comes with a yank from the looted bank

With his vast ill-gotten hoard,
He blithely leaps to the padded seat
Of a "high-powered car" with trimmings neat,

But, ne'er to a lowly Ford.

If he took the air in an old wheel chair
Or a baby-car or a bike,

'Twould be a change in the daily stunt
That covers the back page and the front
And one that we all would like.

But the ethics must be adhered to and he
Will never conventions jar
But we'd like to see one
Nervy son-of-a-gun

Get away in a low-powered car.
DE VAUX THOMPSON.

Gracing the "Greenwich Village Follies"



Mary
Lewis



Dorothy
Arnold.



Old Masters Studio

Helen Lee Worthing



Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, and her two sons

"WOMAN AND THE NEW RACE"

By Margaret Sanger

This book, just published, is Margaret Sanger's greatest effort for the birth control movement. It contains the very essence of her life's work. It pleads and instructs the women of the world in the greatest step of their emancipation. "Woman and the New Race" contains the sum total of her experience—the knowledge she dared to utter and print! The knowledge for which she faced jail and fought through every court to establish as woman's inalienable right to know.

HAPPINESS IN EVERY MARRIAGE

If you fail to read this book do not ever complain of any unhappiness that may be yours, resulting from lack of knowledge of the married state, because "Woman and the New Race" contains the knowledge every man and woman must and should have.

PART OF CONTENTS

Woman's Error and Her Debt	Contraception or Abortion?
The Struggle for Freedom	Are Preventive means certain?
Two Classes of Woman	Battalion of Unwanted Babies Cause of War
Immorality of Unwanted Large Families	Woman and Morality
Cries of Despair	Legislating Woman's Morals
Women who plead for Abortion	Why not Birth Control Clinics in America
When should a woman avoid having children?	
Continence: Is it Practicable or Desirable.	
Any one of the above chapters alone is worth the price of the book	

THE KNOWLEDGE IS PRICELESS

This book, "Woman and the New Race," by Margaret Sanger, contains so much that is vital, thorough and necessary to every married couple; that it would require a book to explain it. The knowledge between its covers is priceless.

Send \$2 today for "Woman and the New Race," and if you are not satisfied it is worth its weight in gold we will refund your money. Order before this first edition is exhausted and the price advances—and while we still have the privilege of sending it to you. Order direct and at once—don't delay.

"Woman and the New Race"
Sent Prepaid
Anywhere. Only

\$2

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.

1400 Broadway, Dept. 4-C, New York, N. Y.

Masks

A FAMOUS maskmaker has sprung into prominence.

His goods are to be used in some of the new musical productions. The masks will be worn by dancers and actresses. They have been tried out and have given great satisfaction. Every motion of the head seemingly changes the expression of the mask.

Well, as the old gentleman said, when his forty-two-year-old daughter eloped and got married: "It is about time."

Performers wear these masks instead of their regular faces and the audiences so far have expressed no disappointment. For a Chinese dance, a Chinese mask is used, for a Hindu dance, a Hindu mask and so forth. No longer will the Egyptian or Cleopatra jazz be performed by a young lady with a Hoboken face exposed to the critical eye of the coroner's jury at the first performance. How often has the lady's face spoiled the dance. Ah, yes.

It has been a bit difficult at times to preserve the illusion when a Norwegian or Swedish lady has come out to do a South Sea Island jelly wobble. The mask will remedy this fault. When their faces are covered up most ladies look alike. From the chin down there isn't much difference between a Patagonian and an Iclander and there is no reason why the Eskimo belles cannot now aspire to the stage.

But, as usual, there are embarrassments. The other night a dancer did a grotesque number and several of the critics rushed around to the stage to congratulate her. "A wonderful mask you wore," said one. "So grotesque, so impossible, so startling in shape and expression."

The lady gave him a killing look and explained as she dashed for her dressing room: "It was no mask. It was my real face."

A WARNING TO WICKED MEN

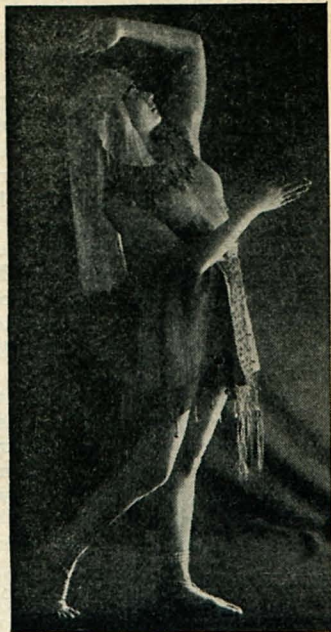
By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

"I KNOW that I won't have a ticket; But under my wife's petticoats, St. Peter I'll pass at the wicket And startle the choir with my notes," He boasted. Up Yonder, the sinner Discovered he'd reason to mourn. Her clothes had grown fewer and thinner, And petticoats weren't being worn.

In the Limelight in Paris



Mlle. Roseraie, renowned as the reigning blonde beauty of the French Capital, dancing at the famous Folies Bergere. (C) Hoppe



Mlle. Dourga, causing a sensation as an Egyptian Dancer. Photo by Edward Aronic



Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the most wonderful woman in the world. Still acting, at present in "Athalie," in spite of her many years and one leg. Photo by Edward Aronic

Pity the Poor Screen Stars

NEWs to the effect that screen production will be reduced 50 per cent. this year and that 50,000 screen actors will be out of jobs, has spread consternation among some well known people, who will no doubt find themselves penniless.

It is not announced what Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (nee Mary Pickford) will do for a living. They have a large house in California and it is suggested that they may take in boarders.

There is no doubt that Mac Murray with her talented limbs, so often seen in recent pictures, will be able to land a job in the chorus or she may start a beauty parlor.

Fatty Arbuckle, it is understood, will accept a lucrative position posing for advertisements for a well known Battle Creek breakfast food concern.

Bill Hart, it is believed will join the army and will have charge of the rifle practice at some of the prominent army ranges.

Bill Farnum will be able to find a good position as subway guard where his athletic propensities will be satisfied.

Harold Lloyd will be able to do ground and lofty tumbling for Barnum & Bailey, the well-known young circus impresarios. The Gish sisters will be able to do a real sister turn in Vaudeville and there is no reason why Theda Bara should not be able to hold down a good job as a manicure in which business her peculiar talents are so often imitated.

Gloria Swanson should shine as a matrimonial doctor and Madge Kennedy ought to make the best woman detective in the United States. Elmo Lincoln can head the strong-arm squad making up the president's body guard and Charlie Chaplain ought to make an excellent deck steward on an Atlantic liner.

If any of the thousands of poor picture stars who are suddenly deprived of their salaries apply for jobs, it is hoped the public will give them a trial as they certainly have furnished plenty of entertainment in past years. It may be a long time before Tom Meighan and Wallace Reid are playing hand organs on Broadway but if they do, it will be well to remember the gay old times when they were in their glory.

From Our Point of View

OUR idea that woman's place is in the home is based on some of the bathing suits we have seen at Coney Island.

The only time that women don't talk scandal is when they whisper it.

A married woman ought to continue to have masculine friends—but can she?

If a woman would sacrifice as much for her husband as she does for her figure, all married men would have bank accounts.

Some men can get a reputation for passionate devotion simply by sending special delivery letters.

You can never tell how sophisticated a girl is by the cut of her gown. That's why some men are in continual hot water.

An employer wants his stenographer to take a personal interest in his affairs, and sometimes he wants to take a personal interest in hers.

No woman's memory is as short as her skirt, these days.

Nothing is harder on a man's reputation than two women.

We've never seen Cupid hanging around one of those church courting parlors which some preachers are in favor of.

A woman in Illinois fasted for thirty-eight days to make her husband religious. It didn't make him religious but it almost made him rich.

48th Street Theatre East of B'way
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE OUTSTANDING HIT
OF THE SEASON

The BROKEN WING

SEE THE CRASHING AEROPLANE

In the Spring, a Woman's Fancy—

By ALELE PRYCE

NOBODY envies the weatherman, who has to make predictions twenty-four hours ahead. But just think what an easy time he has of it, compared to the fashion creators, who have to make their predictions two months ahead. When the weatherman is in the midst of a March blizzard, all he has to say is: "More blizzard tomorrow." But the fashion designer, in the midst of a March blizzard, mustn't think of the blizzard at all, but must think of balmy June.

And when balmy June arrives, the weatherman says: "Fair and warmer tomorrow," and goes fishing. While the poor fashion designer has to stay home, and think up what they'll be wearing when the leaves begin to fall. It's a hard life, flying in the face of the calendar.

Already, with the first spring buds just beginning to get into action, the designers have their spring thoughts all catalogued and indexed. They have worked up sufficient enthusiasm to dream a whole wardrobe.

(Continued on
page 24)



Very short for dancing and very girlish for simplicity is this dancing frock worn by Carmel Myers. The waist is made in a tight bodice of silver brocade, with rose, green and lavender woven into the design. The skirt is of white tulle, with bands of petals of pale rose hue as the only trimming.

Priscilla Dean displays the last word in spring hats, with a twinkling smile to match. Crepe de chine, lace and flowers form the trimming for this turban of black straw, with a slight suggestion of brim of black satin, buried under the flowers. The lace, in its fan shape, sets off the whole effect.

This gown of heavy georgette crepe for early spring afternoon wear, which Miss Marguerite Armstrong is wearing, is of that popular shade—orchid, beaded in French blue. Her hat, of cream Milan straw, owes its charm to the graceful arrangement of the orchid plume, just a trifle deeper in tone than the orchid of the dress.



(Continued from page 23)

Foremost among the spring fabrics, of course, is silk. Taffeta will enjoy its usual prestige, but Canton crepe is the last word. It will be equally modish for hats and for gowns.

Gray Canton crepe seems to be the harbingers of spring, although blue and blonde are not far behind in favor. There is a decided trend toward simplicity in the spring models, and none of them have that overdressed look which has characterized so many of the designs of the past season.

There is much discussion over whether or not the short skirt will remain, and whether the waist line will be long or high. The knee-length skirt continues to flourish, but many of the best dressed women are lengthening their hems. The long waisted and the high waisted gowns are running neck-and-neck, so to speak. It is too early to predict whether the fuller, wider skirt will triumph over its tighter, shorter sister for summer.

The woman who wishes to be dressed smartly as to her frock will make no mistake if she follows the youthful note in the long slender lines and uses Canton crepe as the material.

For summer frocks, linen is to have a high vogue, and the familiar fabrics are to be charmingly disguised by quaint new patterns. Dotted swiss organdies have taken on strange new colors in canary, maize, lemon, tangerine, and all the new interpretations of brown.

One of the interesting foreshadowings of summer in suits is a bolero jacket of beige rep, lined with blue, red and beige jersey, and embroidered to match. Another attractive model is of jade green wool, showing the new bolero coat. It has the air of a coat dress, for it shows a pique gilet.

The new knitted wool cape, which has been so popular for southern wear, will be equally good for spring wear in the north. There are many cape-like garments in wraps, with cape backs and circular collars.

Importers predict that this will be a season when you say it with flowers. Milliners are showing various interpretations of draped crêpe de chine hats combined with lace and flowers for trimming. There are the tricornes, the directoire, and the turban hats. Many of the crêpe de chine hats trail a scarf which matches the frock.

Fashions have been flying into a Spanish rage of late. That is to say, modes from the land of the toreador have been enjoy-

ing a decided vogue. The bolero jacket described above is one of the many manifestations of the Spanish influence on styles. Mantillas are being worn in considerable numbers, and the Spanish coiffure, with conspicuous combs, has many exponents.

One New Year resolution that didn't keep is that of the manufacturers and designers of millinery, who met not so long ago in Chicago, and decided that the way to put a stop to the insane race to get out seasonal styles as many months ahead of the season as possible was for them to quit showing new vogues so far in advance. Instead of flashing the early spring straws about the first of January, they said, we'll wait until a few weeks before the time to put them on.

Did they stick to it? Not so you can notice it. The straws came into the shop windows in January, as usual, and by the time the weather had begun to take on springlike hints, the women had all finished their springlike hints for a new bonnet.

Apparently, even the designers and the fashion creators are as much the slave of the pre-season idea as are the women themselves.

HABERDASHES

The smart tailors are beginning to frown upon the wide vogue of the dinner coat. It's intended solely for stag affairs, they maintain, and they shudder when they see it at opera, ball and fashionable dinner.

Spring styles are to be looser fitting and more comfortable.

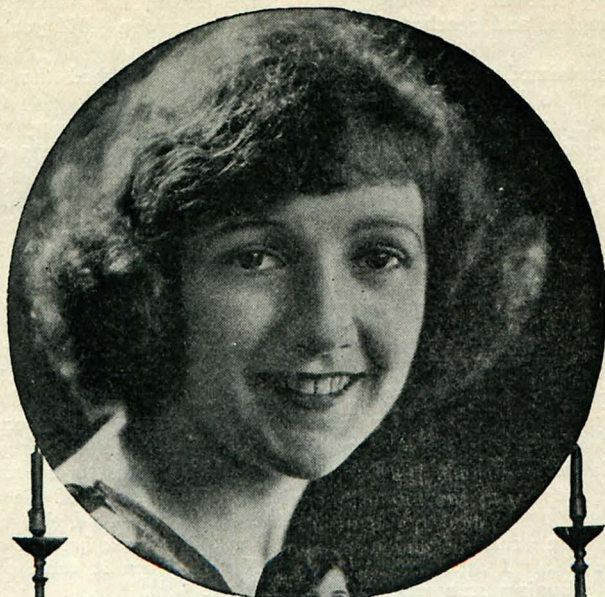
The harder cloths such as unfinished worsted, are high in favor.

Styles are to remain conservative.

After a sleep of thirty years, the pea jacket is being revived. It is worn without an overcoat.

The new President has just been outfitted by his tailor. The inventory includes eleven suits, six pairs of extra trousers, three overcoats, two cutaways and two frock coats, six pairs of flannel trousers, twenty fancy silk vests, and two gray golf suits with caps to match. One golf suit has long trousers, and the other knee length.

Those Talmadge Girls



Constance smiling as she contemplates her recent nuptials, and Norma wondering if she did right.



Why She Left

THE traveling salesman put away his card of samples, and reached for his derby.

"I say," he exclaimed, just as if it had suddenly occurred to him, and he hadn't been thinking of it all along, "what's become of that stunning blonde stenographer you had around here the last time I called? She was some looker."

The boss led the way into the hall, and pointed down a long corridor, lined on both sides with desks.

"You see this long corridor?" he inquired.

The salesman nodded.

"Well," said the boss, "here on this side is the bookkeeper's office, and right beyond is the cashier, and beyond that is the sales department. And on the other side, you see the auditor's desk, and the complaint department, and the vice-president's office, etc. Get it?"

"Sure," said the salesman, puzzled. "But what's the idea. I asked what had become of that stunning stenographer."

The boss held up a warning hand.

"Wait," he said, "I'm telling you. But you'll have to let me do it in my own way. Down at the far end of the corridor was that stenographer's desk. Well, sir, about a dozen times an hour, that dame found

some excuse for walking the full length of the corridor. Did you ever notice how she walks?"

"Did I?" sighed the salesman. "Oh, boy!"

"Exactly. And every time she started that parade, all business ceased along the line of march. Every man quit what he was doing, and rested his eyes on those hips, those shoulders, that hair, them eyes, and the other details.

"The bookkeeper would mix his entries; the cashier would hand out two tens for a five; the vice-president lost a big order; the office force was demoralized. The chap at the adding machine hit the wrong keys, and the office boys would forget whatever they had been sent to do.

"I called in an efficiency expert, and he figured out that every time that blonde walked the length of the corridor, it cost the firm \$97. And she was only pulling down \$20 a week herself, and worth about half that when it came to words of one syllable.

"It was up to me to fire her, or retire from business. I fired her, and I'm glad to say that the house is gradually getting back on its feet. I feared for a while it meant bankruptcy, but we've pulled through."

Our Own News Reel

They are now serving honest food in some of the restaurants. At least we noticed on a certain bill of fare the other night "Candid Sweet Potatoes."

Owing to the huge success made by an actor in "The Sins of the Fathers," it is rumored that Mack Sennett's bathing beauties will appear in a film entitled, "The Skins of the Daughters."

Tony de Castello, who has been retailing chestnuts on Sixth Avenue for some years has secured a lucrative position on the staff of a well-known comic magazine.

A well-known actor was asked to leave a party to which he had been invited the other evening. He outraged the conventionalities by going to the party only partially dressed. He wore no pocket flask.

Clothing has come down so in price along Broadway that you can get a good \$27 suit for \$81 where it used to be \$96.

During the recent crime wave, a woman left her apartment in Fifty-seventh Street to go to the country and left a sign for the milkman, "Don't leave anything." The burglars thought it was meant for them and they didn't.

**WHY DONT YOU
WRITE THE WORDS
FOR A SONG
WE'LL HELP YOU ALONG**

By composing the music FREE and
publishing same. Send poems to-day

E. C. LENOX CO.
271 West 125th St., New York

They've Helped Make the Films Famous



*Marguerite
Clark*



*June Elvidge
Now in vaudeville.*



Justine Johnstone.

Edward Thayer Munroe

The Lower Regions

By CARROLL EVERETT

"IT'S the first of March," announced Mrs. Bixby, as she poured the breakfast coffee. "The house needs redecorating. I've got to have a new sink in the kitchen, and there's that leak in the attic to be attended to."

"Eh?" murmured Bixby, lowering his paper.

"Take your spoon out of your cup, and listen to what I'm saying," said Mrs. Bixby, sharply. "I said it's spring, and we've got to redecorate. That oatmeal wallpaper in the guest room is a disgrace. There's not enough oat left on it to make a meal for a mosquito."

Bixby took a large gulp of coffee to warm up his courage.

"Now listen here, Mrs. Bixby," he began firmly, "every year since we've been married, you've wanted to do some decorating. It's a mania with you. I actually believe you will enjoy my death, simply because of the chance to decorate the grave."

"I've spent the months of March and April each year on a diet of wallpaper, floor wax, and kalsomine. You've done over every room in the house, upstairs and down. You've changed the color of the woodwork, and the complexion of the bathtub. You've stenciled the hall ceiling, and you've shellacked the side porch. I want you to understand, Mrs. Bixby, that you've had your last fling with a paint-brush. Now it's my turn!"

"Your turn?" repeated the lady. "And where do you propose to do your decorating?"

Bixby drew a deep breath.

"There is only one spot you haven't decorated," he announced. "I intend to decorate the shrine of the clandestine nip, the treasure trove of hidden hooch. Madam, I'm going to do over the cellar."

"In the first place, I'm going to have all the windows covered with something so that the passersby can't see in. It used to be, when people saw a light in my cellar, they realized that I was stoking the furnace, or splitting kindling, or oiling my rifle, or engaged in some other homely duty. If callers came, and saw that light, they knew that I wasn't dressed for company, and wouldn't ring the bell."

"But, nowadays, what do they do? As soon as they see a cellar light burning, they hotfoot is over here, and catch me redhanded. They know that a cellar light,

in these times, means subterranean irrigation, and they come with tongues hanging out.

"Furthermore, I've a lot of ideas of how I want that cellar done over. There's not much exhilaration in leaning up against a cold plaster wall and tipping down a good shot of whisky. I'm going to have a brass rail extending the full length of the cellar. A couple of plate glass mirrors are also included in my plans. Perhaps, if they're not too expensive, a mechanical piano would add a nice touch."

"I want the walls done over in a nice warm shade, instead of the dull plaster. Perhaps a deep scarlet, or a warm green. Burglar-proof locks for all the lockers, and a small safe for my most precious stock are among the other improvements which my cellar must have."

Bixby rose from the table with a determined air, his mind teeming with ideas. Mrs. Bixby emitted a sob.

"That's just like you," she sniffled. "Always thinking of yourself. Don't you care how the rest of the house looks?"

"In these times, the rest of the house is a matter of no consequence," said Bixby. "The cellar's the thing. And if the rest of the house gets on your nerves, come down and see me any time. I'll fix you up something that will make you realize the difference between the first of March and Decoration Day."

WRITE YOUR OWN ANSWERS

WHAT is the use in reading a novel? The story will be entirely different when it is filmed.

Why do corn cure concerns always show pictures of beautiful girls in their ads? Don't men ever have corns?

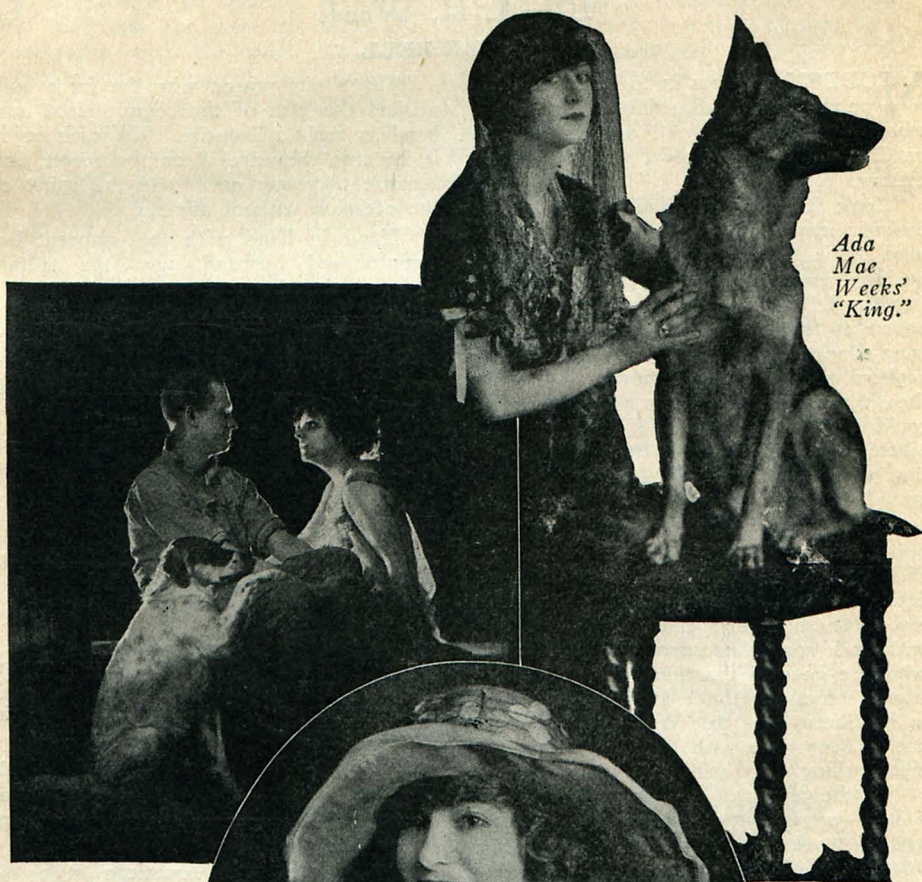
What did the novelist mean when he said of his hero: "Jim opened the window and threw his chest out?"

Who was the great philosopher who said: "Women will never wear skirts above their knees because all women have knobby knees?"

Why does a man try to fool his wife over the telephone when there are always two things to prevent—the telephone not working and his wife not allowing herself to be fooled?

Why do some vaudeville persons insist on trying to entertain people with trained seals?

Dog Stars on the White Way



*Ada
Mac
Weeks'
"King."*

*Babe Sun-
dance and
others in
"The Broken
Wing."*



*Arline Chase
and "Bob."
White Studio*

Unguarded Moments with Celebrities

III—A. H. Woods

By LISLE BELL

MODERN business is to blame for the modern farce, according to Al Woods, who has produced more successful ones on Broadway than almost anyone else in history.

"Look at the working conditions of the business man of thirty years ago, and compare his lot with that of the present-day business man," suggested Woods, relighting the frayed end of a cigar which behaved as though it had forgotten its Havana education. "Thirty years ago, stenographers were almost unknown, and about the only women in business were those who couldn't get a husband and didn't want to teach school. Most of them had faces that would stop a clock, and figures that wouldn't stop a wooden Indian.

"Nowadays, the business girl has more pep than the soubrette used to have, and she dresses more as if she expected to take diamonds than dictation. The modern business man spends the whole day with such specimens surrounding him, and when he goes to the theatre, he naturally wants something that's at least as snappy as he's been used to. We producers have got to keep pace with the typists and the silk-stocking secretaries.

"In the old days, a little paprika went a long ways. Now, when walking skirts are up to the knees, and the lobby of a hotel looks like the runway of the Winter Garden, it's up to the producers to keep awake.

"Some men spend more time with their stenographers than with their wives. That's what makes modern business so infernally modern. As a matter of fact, the American husband is one of the most innocent and most easily shocked animals on the face of the earth. But because his stenographer wears peekaboo waists and ribboned lingerie, he thinks he's a potential roue.

"That's one reason why the farce built around the idea of the compromised husband is such a favorite. The men enjoy it, because they are in on the secret, and because they can enter into the spirit of the occasion without any risks.

"Hand in hand with the innocent but compromised husband, goes the telltale lingerie. I believe petticoats are practically extinct on Fifth Avenue, and judging from what I have observed, skirts are hovering on the brink of oblivion, but when it comes to producing farces, lingerie will always have its place.

"Some people are under the impression that I am for the lingerie for its own sake, but this is a mistake. I don't believe in putting it into a farce unless it belongs in the plot. The retailer who drapes his show-window with chemises, is not doing it for the purpose simply of attracting a crowd, and neither is the producer."

Asked whether he thought the innocent husband might not go into a decline as the motive power of farce, Woods said he thought it was likely.

"So far as I can see, their wives don't get tired of them," he observed. "But then, the public is more fickle than wives are.

"It's a peculiarly American style of farce, however, quite different from the French article. In such pieces as 'Up in Mabel's Room' and 'Ladies' Night,' the actors are fooled, but the audience isn't. One person thinks another has done so-and-so, but the audience knows better. On the other hand, the rule in the French farce, however, is quite different. The audience is fooled, and—generally speaking, the husband is fooled. Over here, we don't care for that sort of thing—on the stage, at any rate."

Reflections of a Rounder

I SEE a lot of bone-rimmed glasses around the theatrical district with not much behind them.

A pint of Broadway hooch saved a man's life the other night. A friend of his stole it from his overcoat pocket and drank it.

One More Little Etude Before We Go

"MUSIC," says an eminent scientist, "will take the place of intoxicating beverages, with the men. Music is wonderfully exhilarating and causes one to forget one's troubles. Men in time will learn to crave it."

That simplifies matters and will take a load off many an anxious man's mind. Many a willing host has wondered how to entertain his friends and make them stay later than 9 o'clock. It has been difficult up to now but the professor has solved the problem. The host can load up the trusty old victrola with records and, within ten minutes, the gang will be singing: "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."

"What do you say to a couple of rounds of Beethoven before we start playing cards?" the host will ask.

"Bully," everybody will reply. "Mum's never had a thing on Beethoven and Oscar Pepper never had the kick of Chopin."

"Give us a little Schubert Serenade," somebody will ask and somebody else will say: "Naw. I had a couple of etudes down town off'n a street piano player and I never mix my music. Give me another etude."

During the evening:

"Give me anuzzer symphony, George. I promised the wife I would take only two symphonies tonight and now look at me. Great stuff to take, symphonies—no head in the morning."

"I stopped in a movie house and had a couple of arias before I got here. Ain't you got no arias? I gotta stick to the same thing. I got some important work to do tomorrow."

"I took a couple of Sousa's marches yesterday. Some punch. I couldn't see straight all the afternoon. I'll take just something light tonight. Gimme me a short etude, George."

"Did you hear about Jim? He was goin' straight and hadn't taken any music for a month but yesterday he got sore at the wife and went and bought a piano-player and has been soused ever since. He's takin' all the hard stuff."

"Let's have another andante, George!"

"This is a private house, not a saloon. You've had enough. Go on home to your wife and when she smells that Lohengrin on you, don't tell her where you got it."

"Hain't you got no Puccini in the house, George?"

"Naw, somebody fell down at my last party and broke the record."

What's a Divorce Between Friends

A PHILOSOPHER of Broadway has made an important discovery to the general effect that people don't tire of each other when they don't have a chance. It is quite wonderful in its way when applied to the ever absorbing subject of married life and divorce. Gossips along the G.W.W. tell many tales of warm friendships that have sprung up between men and women after they have been divorced. They seem to become acquainted for the first time, in many cases.

Mrs. Josephine Driscoll Binks met her former husband J. Wallingford Binks quite accidentally two weeks ago in the lobby of the Astor Hotel. They shook hands cordially and went to dinner together. Not an unpleasant word was spoken and he sent her home in a taxicab, something that he never did when they were married. The check called for \$18.95. It never went over \$2.15 in the old married days. They are now great friends. This may be because they are now both married to other people.

Hannibal Purvis, the well-known broker took his ex-wife to the theater the other evening and mutual friends noticed that they seemed to be having a very pleasant evening. He didn't snort at the play and twitch around in his seat and scowl and she didn't keep plucking at his coat-sleeve and asking him to keep quiet. No one ever knew they could be so well-behaved in public. They never were when they were married.

Mrs. Lucille Prindiville made her debut in musical comedy last night. Being the heroine of a sensational divorce case, she was billed in large type. She got a divorce on the grounds of non-support and desertion. The largest bouquet she received was a \$90 bunch of orchids sent by her late husband. When they were living together, he cut her allowance in two because she bought a fifteen-cent potted geranium from a peddler.

And still there are certain preachers who maintain the theory that Reno is the bunk.

The Mysterious Stranger

By ROY K. MOULTON

THERE were many mysterious happenings during the late war and many baffling characters thrust themselves upon the public—some interesting, some bewildering, some commonplace. Personalities never known before sprang into prominence and only now are we hearing the true stories of them. During the surge of war they baffled us. In peace times their true characters are gradually but unmistakably revealed.

Among the mysterious parties attracting great attention in Europe and America during the war and perhaps for a year afterward was Comte Pomme de Terre au Gratin en Casserole, these being but a few of the names to which the party laid claim at various times.

The Count sprang into prominence suddenly and there was much speculation as to his antecedents. It was the first time that any member of the Pomme family had posed as a member of the nobility. French noble families took him up and he was found at the best dinner tables in France as well as England—invariably in the best of society.

The count was an expensive companion and put up only at the best places. He was investigated by experts, some of whom gave the opinion that his family had originated in Ireland. Others claimed that he came from America originally but neither

charge was ever proven. During the war he was everywhere, at the front and in the gay cafes of Paris and the staid hotels of London. He visited the Riviera and was often seen in swell New York hotels under various aliases.

Count Pomme de Terre was often disguised so as to be hardly recognizable. After the signing of the armistice, the count was still much in evidence and for a year or more maintained his position in the best society among people of great wealth, only occasionally associating with the poor or humble.

The identity of this twig of the nobility was a great mystery until just recently, when the count, having lost his wealth and golden environment was found sitting on a stand in front of a grocery store on the Lower East Side, New York, stripped of his influential friends. They knew him in the poorest neighborhoods before the war came along to make him a prominent character and they know him there today as plain Murphy—"Spud" Murphy who has returned to his own environment to receive a warm welcome after his brief splurge into the realms of high society and frenzied finance.

He is now so reduced that common people can associate with him once more and take him home to dinner.

The United States grew its largest rye crop in 1920, but it didn't mean anything.

According to the seismograph, the earth is doing a continual shimmy but the reformers will attend to that, in time.

Ford has shut down his factory. Maybe it is getting so the people are making them, themselves.

Every actor hates to see his name in the public prints—unless it is in large letters.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half gets its hooch.

Oh the moon is shining bright
Upon the 'Udson,
And the moonshine's shining bright
Along B'way.

*Brightening
Homes from
Coast to Coast
flashes*

"BRIGHT EYES"

(FOX-TROT SONG)

SEASONS SPARKLING SONG SENSATION

BRIGHT EYES

Chorus

Bright eyes _____ I know you so well _____ Bright

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics 'Bright eyes' followed by a blank line, 'I know you so well' followed by another blank line, and 'Bright'. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

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